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Constantine Madden



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Chapter 1 by Jack Frost

Alastair crossed his arms, glaring at the sleeping Makar. The chaos mage was lying in the sofa of their common room, one arm pending to the side and a few rocks on top of him. His breath was regular, matching the peaceful look in his face.

Yeah, peaceful for him. The whole group would have to face his ire if he didn't sleep well, like always.

He must have fallen asleep while practicing earth magic. Alastair let a smirk slip through his expression. It felt good knowing there was something he was better than the perfect Makar. Constantine moved his head a little, his blond hair a complete mess.

The first idea Alastair had was lifting Constantine and taking him to bed, but he didn't believe he was strong enough. It wasn't worth trying, if he dropped the Makar, he would be sent to the void for sure, even if he gets to carry Constantine princess-style.

He shook his head when the thought of being able to do that in the future crossed his mind. Using magic to lift him up and drag the sleeping mage to the bedroom was too much; he was also tired.

He could just wake Constantine up. Maybe throwing water on him as he still had a bottle he brought from the Gallery or using the rocks to tickle him. Alastair thought of a few more

amusing methods, but ended up choosing a simpler approach. He valued his life, after all.

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